

ZION'S HERALD.

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WHAT IS IT TO ME?

BY D. P. SHILLABEER.

In a recent address by an eloquent advocate of temperance, he said that indifference on the part of temperance men was the greatest evil that the temperance cause had to contend with. There is subject for deep reflection in the statement; and it will become those good men, who, not subject to temptation and trial themselves, say the matter of carrying on the temperance reform does not belong to them, to turn this remark over in their minds and think how far they are really held towards pursuing the work. They will find that really the greatest share belongs to them, as they are the greater means, and their slight of opportunity the most culpable because of their greater ability to do. Example—the force of taking a stand—is most especially a duty. To such is commended the experience of Mr. Easman, as detailed in the following crude rhymes, that seem to be founded in sound philosophy. We are so mixed up in this whirl of a world that we can hardly see the dividing line between the good and the bad—unless very good or very bad—and dimly realize how near we are to each other, or how much that which we do for others may react on ourselves.

A GHOSTLY LESSON.

Mr. Easman sat in his padded chair,
At close of the day, released from care;
Wearied with striving, but well content
That he had gained an ample percent.
His bosom quaked, his mind was reel,
With wife and children and fortune blest.
His cup seemed full and brimming o'er,
When there came a sudden ring at his door,
And his handmaid thrust mid his musings
A handbill.

"TEMPERANCE REFORM!"

What's that to do with me?" he said,
As his bold heading he carelessly read.
"I am no drunkard—no drunkard is mine;
This is straining a vein, I opine,
Where a man cannot sit at his evening's ease
Without annoyance from things like these!"
He read the appeal in a petulant mood,
And his gorge arose as the case he viewed.
"Raise the fallen! Indeed," said he,
"And what are the fallen ones to me?
Why did they fall? Why not rebel
The sensual devil by which they fell?
Had they not guzzled their beer and wine
Their fate would have been as fair as mine!"
And here he smoothed his ample vest,
And smiled that he such power possessed.
"Their wives and children! Ah, very true,
What a horrid state they've been brought to!
With homes all ruined, and boys all fed—
'Twere better for them if the brutes were dead!"

Well, well, 'tis said, but I fall to see
What earthly concern it is to me."
So he laid himself back in his easy chair—
His room was silent and warm the air—
And while he sat in reflection deep
He dropped off into a troubled sleep,
Peopled with dreams of vaguest dread—
One of which was that he was dead.
Deprived of power to do or say,
And that he'd done was done for aye.
His dreamings bore no semblance of thought,
A strange, wild, better-sketched muddle,
Like that which attends a desperate fuddle.
But a voice soon broke the terrible thrall,
And there by his side—giant, ghastly and tall—
Stood a figure from hat to boots in gray,
Like a vapory cloud in a misty day,
With features in severity formed,
That not one ray of leery warmed.

"Easman?"—he heavily-toned, said he—
"I have a vision for you to see;
Open wide your unwilling eyes,
Heed its lesson and learn to be wise.
You washed your hands of the drunken crew,
And now I will show how they lean upon you."

Easman gazed
At the figure, amazed;
But, ere a single question he raised,
The scene had changed, and, older grown,
It seemed that years away had flown,
And his only dear son of yesterday,
A young man grown, o'er the public way
Paced, with associates blithe and gay,
Singing a catch, as they hurried on:
"We are jolly companions every one!"

His heart grew sick,
For the voice was thick,
And his feelings were stirred to their very quick.
Could this be the son of his love and pride,
With all his wishes and plans allied?
His son—so firm and immaculate,
That he could choose for himself his fate,
And fix his standard for others' weight!
Then he was aware,
From the earth or the air,
Of sounds as of fends invisible there:
"Wine him and stagger him,
Punch him and stagger him,
As well for us as down him or dagger him!"
And then he saw, with a troubled glance,
A sight that might well chill his soul's entrance:
A scene of revel and riot wild,

And there in its midst his darling child!
There were clinking glasses and rattling dice,
And all the implements of vice.
He saw flushed cheeks and swimming eyes
Under the wine cup's vile disguise;
Heard the hoarse note of song's refrain,
The laughter-burst at the jest profane,
And, over all, the sounds again:
"Wine him and stagger him,
Punch him and stagger him!"
Then he closed his eyes with bitter pain.
He could not speak to the boy of his pride,
But he turned to the figure by his side,
And clasped his garments with fervid grasp,
And, with choking words and sobbing gasp,
Begged the mysterious one to avert
The ill that threatened his boy with hurt.
"And what is the periled one to me?"
The Presence said, with mockery;
"I've kept myself in proper trim,
And what have I to do with him?"
Then Mr. Easman bowed his head,
With a sense of shame and a sense of dread,
For well he recalled the words he had said,
When he lay back there
In his easy chair,
And for those who were fallen didn't care—
But held them in scorn and contempt instead.

Then other scenes went hurrying by:
"Good times" that were counted "high,"
Shocking the ear and paling the eye,
And among them all the rowdiest one
Was his dear and precious only son!
Then how he prayed
That doom might be stayed
He would could trace;
But the stern gray man, unflinching, said:
"Best for the world that the brute were dead!"

Once more the fends took up the strain
And poured it on his ears again:
"Wine him and stagger him,
Punch him and stagger him!"
Till his tears streamed down like rain.
He saw a ruined and squalid home,
And a woman waiting some one to come.
"Twas far in the night, and the embers
Shone on a face of sorrow and care—
Revealing children slumbering there
In the chilly breath of the frozen air.
Hark! there's a step upon the stair,
That wakens echoes from their lair,
And gives new power to despair!"

How dear is the step of those we love,
As we list its coming, rejoiced to hear;
No melody can so welcome prove,
And the heart responds to the listening ear.
Though humble may be the listener's fate,
Though want may press and pain be there,
The eyes glow brightly, with joy elate,
As the step is heard upon the stair.
There is love and hope in its steady beat—
The constant soul to its trust is true;
And harmony sweet attends the feet,
That tread the stair when the day is through.

The faithful arms are fondly held,
And then forgot are the toils of day,
The clouds of weary care are dispelled
And all its burdens are cast away.
That step!—it comes with a staggering air—
A bumping and thumping up the stair,
While the house, so still,
The echoes fill,
And the woman's heart feels the sound,
With a thrill.
It comes more near!
'Tis here—'tis here!
And fingers catch
At the rattling latch!
The door swings in, on its hinges, wide,
While out from the dark,
By the embers' spark,
The reeling form of a man is descried.
That once was a man, but O how drear
Doth he now in the dismal light appear!
His bloodshot eyes have an imbecile glare,
And his tottering steps reel here and there,
As he stinks o'ercome in the only chair,
And his lips profane breathe the drunkard's prayer.

With fearful eye
The wife stands by
While bitter pang through her bosom fly:
Her children—beats of reproach and shame—
To hear a drunken father's name!
Whose young eyes, used the fault to see,
May learn to forget its enormity—
From which would heaven but set them free!
He starts in anger; his wild eyes gleam;
On the still night air is a fearful scream,
As blows descend on her feeble form,
And the children wake mid the dreadful storm
As the fiend in his frenzy rages and roars,
And o'er wife and children his vengeance pours—
While, mid the din,
Steals harshly in
The chorus of the brood of sin:
"Batter them! Shatter them!
Shatter them! Batter them!
O'er the wide world in misery scatter them!"

Then the scene paled out, and darkness fell,
Like the murky vapors of nether hell,
But still from the gloom,
Came the chorus breathing of blither doom:
"Batter them! Shatter them!
Shatter them! Batter them!
O'er the wide world in misery scatter them!"
Then Easman tore his ghastly hair
In the frenzy wild of his deep despair,
And he turned to catch a pitying ray
From the stony eye of the spectre gray,
Who shook his head
And grimly said—
"Better far that the brute were dead!
What is it to me or you?" said he;
"He chose his fate—so let it be!"

A sound of strife is heard in the street—
A strife of voices and hurrying feet;
And then—a flash,
A pistol crash!
A hasty crowd in tumult dash,
Then a sudden hush, as with awe replete!
And a voice on the listener's ear doth fall:
"Only a drunken row, that's all!"
While out from the throng,
By muscles strong,

A thing, all stark, is borne along,
And night closes round it like a pall.
"Spare me! spare me!" Easman cries;
"The nights I have seen shall make me wise.
Let me, O let me, but live again—
Let things as they were, before remain—
And all my heart and all my soul
I pledge to different control.
Let me the wrong I have done undo,
Let me the new-found path pursue,
And, what I most devoutly crave,
Are the means and time the fallen to save.
Like letters of fire the dictates shine,
And the sympathy and the work are mine."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND TESTIMONY.

BY REV. L. R. DUNN.

The religion of our Lord Jesus Christ is not only a system of doctrines to be believed, and of precepts to be obeyed, but also a system of provisions and promises to be realized and enjoyed in experience. Its great truths may be put to the test, and become facts in the experience of our consciousness, which is knowledge. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." When the Word of God addresses man as a sinner, there is something within him which assures him that he is what he is declared to be. But for man, the sinner, Christ, the Saviour, has been provided; and the assurance is given, that "whosoever believeth on Him shall be saved." The apostle did not hesitate an instant, when the jailer cried out, "what must I do to be saved?" to answer, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And with this answer the messengers of mercy have been going to a world of sinners with the utmost confidence and assurance.

Now, sin is a fact, and salvation is a fact; and as men may be conscious of the existence of the one, so they may be also of the experience of the other. If it had not been so then Christianity would long since have disappeared from our world, and the records of its martyrs and confessors would never have been either made or known. The Word of God gives us to understand, in the clearest manner, that its great truths may be experienced and known—may not only be believed, but also felt. We may "know God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent;" we may know the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, "for He dwelleth with, and is in" true believers; we may have "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of our sins;" we may also know that "we are children of God," and consequently "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." We may know, further, that Christ is made unto us "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption;" upon certain conditions we may be assured that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" and it may be as much a matter of our consciousness as that we exist, or that the sun shines in the heavens, that we have in our hearts "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," "the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory," and the hope of an incorruptible, undefiled and fadeless inheritance in a future and endless state of being.

Now, if we cannot have these experiences the religion of Christ is a deception and a lie, for it proposes all these things to every man whom it addresses, or in whose hands its great truths are placed; and if it does not actually do them in men and for men, then all its pretensions are vain. But that these things are true, the experience of countless millions most fully corroborates; and only in proportion as they are thus experienced and known will they be prized and cherished. An innumerable company of men, women and children have been willing to lay down their lives in attestation of these truths; thus not only witnessing with their lips and lives to them, but also sealing them with their blood. The question then arises, If these things are believed and known by experience, should they be spoken of, witnessed, or testified unto? There can be but one answer to this inquiry; and that is, it is not only our privilege, but our duty to do this. This we learn from the language of the Saviour, "whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father and the holy angels." And this confession is to be made not only by men exhibiting a character or conduct which will indicate to others that they are disciples of Christ; the apostle says, "with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The commission to the early Church, on the basis of the promised power of the Holy Ghost, was to be

"witness unto Christ, even unto the uttermost parts of the earth." And they were not to be silent witnesses, nor to be witnesses merely of an historical Christ; their testimony was to be borne before governors, kings, and all people.

Following this divine order, we find Paul testifying to the facts of his conversion before Agrippa, as presenting the strongest argument for the truth of the system of religion which he had embraced. Nearly all of the Pauline, Johannine and Petrine Epistles are employed in describing or narrating the experiences of the early church, the apostles, in these instances, acting as a mouthpiece for them. Hence believers are spoken to, and spoken of, as "washed," "sanctified," "justified," "quickened," "renewed," "transformed," "saints," "sons of God," "heirs of God," "saved," "risen with Christ," "dead to sin (the world)," "dwelling in love," "made perfect in love," "perfect," "having the mind of Christ," etc. No language has ever been employed by a child of God in the relation of his experience which is stronger, or more emphatic than this, if it is lawful to use the latter word at all in any such connection.

Now, when the apostles wrote to the early Churches, in such words as we have quoted, this experience was theirs, or it was not. If it was theirs, then the same may be enjoyed by all believers; if it was not, then the apostles were uttering the merest gibberish to them. What, therefore, the apostles testified concerning them, we have reason to know that they testified concerning themselves; so that we have here a sample of the testimonies borne by the early Christians. For doing this they were called fanatics, fools, babblers, madmen; and in various ways they were put to death. How much they might have escaped if they had kept their religion to themselves! But their language was, "we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

Now we say, in view of the history and example of the early Church, that it is the duty of every Christian now to bear testimony to what, *in all that Christ has done for him*, under the following conditions:—
First, that it be a testimony for Christ, as to what He is to us, and what He has done for us. "He that glorifieth, let him glory in the Lord." All the glorying of the real saint is in Christ. No words can be employed by him which will sufficiently express his sense of his own weakness, frailty, imperfections and errors of judgment, and practice; and, strictly speaking, of his own vileness and sinfulness; while, on the other hand, no words can tell what a Saviour Jesus is to him, how His Spirit renews, transforms, and sanctifies him, and how thoroughly the blood cleanseth him. Jesus is everything in the great work of our salvation. He is a perfect Saviour, or He is no Saviour at all; and if He thus saves us, or in so far as we are saved, we should testify of it to others.

Second, this should always be done "with meekness and fear." A loud, boastful profession savors of egoism, ignorance and emptiness of experience as well as of brains; but one can tell of Jesus, His love and grace and power, with all boldness and all meekness and fear combined. So with the apostle; he could say, "I am the least of all saints," "least of all the apostles," "the chief of sinners," etc., while yet testifying that "Christ lived in him"—that he was perfect "let as many of us as be perfect"—that "the Spirit worked in him mightily;" and in all those forms of expression in which he speaks of his own experience in common with that of his brethren. We need not, we cannot, we must not, say much of ourselves. If we are saved, we can, we must, in our testimony, exalt and glorify the Lord Jesus Christ. And yet we cannot do this unless we know Him, unless we have tested His power to save, and the efficacy of His blood to cleanse.

Third, a third condition is, that the life of the witness for Christ must confirm and corroborate his testimony; otherwise that testimony will be impeached, the character of the witness damaged, and the cause of which he has spoken will be injured. The cause of religion has suffered greatly in this way. It is, however, unfair to condemn a cause when a person of improper character has espoused it. It is manifestly unjust and ungenerous, for instance, to condemn the doctrine of Christian holiness because some improper persons have professed to enjoy that grace. If this line of argument were valid we could readily argue all religion out of the world. Multitudes of persons, who profess to be justified and converted, live very irregular lives; are we therefore to conclude that there is no such thing as justification, or conversion? This is the way the enemies of religion argue. God forbid that we should attempt to imitate them, and

strangle, or suppress all aspirations after holiness, or a higher Christian life! At the same time let it be remembered that where holiness is in the heart it will regulate and shine forth in the life; and the testimony of the lips is always to be corroborated by the testimony of the life.

EIGHT DAYS WITH REVS. INSKIP AND McDONALD.

BY REV. W. F. MALLALIEU, D. D.

THE MEN.
These two men are very widely known throughout our Methodist community, partly from their connection with the National Camp-meeting Association, and partly from the special religious services which they have held in various parts of the country. There are tens of thousands of the readers of the HERALD who have heard of them, but have never seen them; and a brief description of the men may not be without interest.

JOHN S. INSKIP was born August 10, 1816, and hence is now in his 59th year. He is short of stature, stout, and evidently in the enjoyment of the best possible health. His face, which is round and full, is cleanly shaved, not even a hair being left to show any companionship with the modern race of bearded ministers. His eyes are full and clear, but shaded with heavy eyelids. He wears gold-bowed spectacles, through which one can see the gleam of his flashing eyes, which have a peculiarly effective expression when he is speaking. His forehead is broad and retreating, shaped in fact very much like that of Bishop Simpson. His hair is thick, straight, gray, and somewhat long. He is, on the whole, a right sturdy specimen of an old-fashioned Methodist preacher—one by nature well endowed with vitality, with courage sufficient to enable him to face without fear anything that might come in his way. It is doubtful if he was ever thoroughly frightened, and he is too old now to learn how to be scared. His voice is strong and passably clear; and when he wills, it has a volume that is really tremendous. He is earnest in manner, and enthusiastic in his expressions. When moved with feeling his utterance is rapid, loud, and yet under perfect control. He can be as quiet and mild as the gentlest breath of June, or he can be as impetuous as the whirlwind or the tornado. He is not particularly eccentric nor extravagant, nor even rough in his expressions, except in rare instances. He will interest and hold the masses, whether they believe what he says or not, for they cannot possibly escape the conviction that he is both honest and earnest in all his convictions.

REV. WM. McDONALD is in many respects the exact counterpart of his co-laborer. He is about the same age, tall and spare, features sharp, eyes keen and piercing, a beard somewhat thin but full, with the exception of his upper lip, which is shaven; his hair is thick, and gray, rather long and bushy, and not arranged with over much care. His personal appearance is attractive. His perfect coolness and self-possession show not only a carefulness as to the impression that he may produce upon the audience he addresses, but also an abundant experience as a public speaker. In his style he is calm, logical, and persuasive. Often apparently as cold and clear as the purest ice, there are yet indications of a hidden fire that only needs a sufficient cause to make it glow with intensest heat.

One is continually struck with the wonderful dissimilarity of these two men, who, notwithstanding their different characteristics, still work together in perfect harmony. Each seems to be the complement of the other, and really necessary to the other in the great work they have in hand. These are the men that for the last few years have devoted themselves to the "spreading of Scriptural holiness over these lands." From Maine to California, and as far South as Tennessee, they have labored, with a diligence and zeal worthy of the best days of Methodism. They have faced and conquered the worst mobs of Salt Lake City, of Sacramento and San Francisco; and wherever they have been the blessing and presence of God have ever attended them, and they have deserved the praise and prayers of all good people everywhere.

THEIR METHODS.

The work that one proposes to accomplish will very much affect the question as to what methods shall be employed. It is well understood that the purpose of these men is to call the attention of the Church to the attainable of a higher state of Christian experience than that generally enjoyed or professed. They proceed upon the assumption that, with few exceptions, the members of the Church are honest and sincere in their religious life, and that a want of knowledge as to the requirements of God and the privileges of the believer, is the principal difficulty to be encountered in carrying

forward the work in which they are engaged. They also assume that many of the Church are living in a clearly justified state, and are, with greater or less earnestness, seeking to know the mind and will of God concerning them. Hence, while they roundly denounce, as every Methodist minister ought, the fashionable follies of some who are connected with the Church, and take strong disciplinary ground in condemning, as unworthy of any Christian, "the neglect of duties of any kind, imprudent conduct, indulging in sinful words or tempers, the buying, selling, or using intoxicating liquors as a beverage, dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theatres, horse-races, dancing parties, or patronizing dancing schools, or taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency," yet they are full of tenderness, and right helpful in sympathy in respect to all who have an honest regard to the sacred pledges they have assumed in uniting with the Church.

In speaking of their methods, special reference is had to their manner of conducting the meetings which are held in Churches, and not to the Camp-meetings of the National Association. First of all, they require no compensation; they enter into no stipulations whatever in regard to finances; they leave it entirely to the people to give them what they please, whether it be much or little. Then, when they accept a call to labor with any Church, they request that the week previous to their coming shall be devoted to prayer for the divine blessing upon the effort. It is in harmony with their experience that it is usually best to commence their meetings on Saturday night or Sunday morning, and continue them without intermission (morning, afternoon, and evening) for eight days, usually devoting the morning to prayer and conference, and the afternoon and evening to preaching.

The sermons for the most part are upon the subject of entire sanctification, and themes that may help to its attainment—such as faith, prayer, consecration, self-denial, the atonement, the scope and purpose of the plan of salvation, etc., etc. These subjects are presented with a point, plainness and simplicity that enables the most untrained and the dullest to comprehend, with unusual clearness, these fundamentals of Gospel truth. Of course they do not rest satisfied with the mere presentation of the truth, but they look for immediate results; and hence at nearly every service they invite persons forward for prayers—sometimes those who are definitely seeking holiness, perfect love, or entire sanctification (for these words seem to be used interchangeably); sometimes those who want more religion, or a deeper work of grace, or a renewal of their Christian experience; and often, though not always, all penitent persons, or seekers of salvation, for the unconverted are by no means overlooked or forgotten. The work at the altar is thorough, earnest, and often long continued, the prayers being interspersed with singing and practical instructions to all who may need, with occasional opportunities for brief speaking as to present light and experience. There is no clap-trap—no tricks, no surprises in any of their methods, as far as I have witnessed them, but a straightforward, manly way of presenting truth, and urging its acceptance, immediate and entire, upon the people.

THEIR DOCTRINES.

They are not innovators, nor new lights, nor fanatics, nor anti-Wesleyan, nor anti-Methodistic, nor unscripural, nor inconsistent, nor impractical. Amid all the writing and talking and printing of this verbose and scribbling age there is surely some danger of getting confused in regard to what is and what is not, especially what is and what is not Wesleyan and Methodist. But at the same time it is presumed that the average common sense of the Methodist people, all over the world, is well settled in a few fundamental principles of religion. Whoever accepts our standard authorities, believes in the depravity and sinfulness of man—in the atonement of Jesus Christ, and that it covers all our needs—that repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, are the conditions of pardon—that God freely accepts and justifies and regenerates every truly penitent and believing soul that comes to Him in and through the Redeemer of the world. Every Methodist still further believes that there is an additional work of the Spirit wrought in believers, by which the soul is delivered from the power of sin, as well as from its guilt, and pollution—a state of perfect love, attainable in this life—a gracious impartation of the Holy Ghost, which enables the soul to perfectly love God and to worthily magnify His holy name—that this work is subsequent to conversion—that one may be years desiring it, seeking for it, groaning after it, or may, in a very short time, with good instruction, come into this experience

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MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. R. W. ALLEN, EDITOR.

"AN the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. XIV, 21.

THE WONDERFUL WORK OF GOD IN FIJI.

The Wesleyan missionaries visited the Fiji Islands about forty years ago, and found the inhabitants, numbering about 150,000, the most horrible cannibals in the world. Every full passion ran riot, and they indulged in almost every vice without restraint. "Not only did they strangle widows and destroy children, and bury alive the helpless and the aged, but in their savage carnivals blood was drunk from human skulls, and the lowest instincts of our nature were allowed the greatest liberty in the most revolting cannibalism. One chief put down a stone for every man he had killed and eaten, and it was found that he had put down 900. But among these degraded savages there are now 110,000 converts to Christianity. The Wesleyans have 25,000 members meeting in class, 2,000 day schools, 900 catechisms, 2,000 Sunday-schools, with 53,000 scholars, 63 native assistant missionaries, 1,000 local preachers, while upwards of 1,000,000 persons sit under their ministry."

IMPROVE THE TIME.

—But a short time remains before the next sessions of the New England Conferences, and let the time be improved in raising funds for the missionary cause. Let the pastors and mission committees make special efforts. The late mission committee at New York appropriated considerable sums to New England for their domestic work, though less than in previous years. The former sums, and more, will be appropriated as soon as the funds in the Treasury will justify. Let the Conferences do their duty in supplying the treasury, and they will thereby greatly help themselves.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

—What will our Churches at home say to the following? Rev. J. D. Brown of India, says:—"My native congregation in Bareilly supports a native missionary, who goes from village to village preaching the Gospel." How many of our Churches might support a missionary among the heathen? Think what this native Church in India is doing, and follow its noble example.

SYRIA.

—The Church Missionary Society from Nazareth is about to establish a mission at Akka, a port on the coast of Palestine, well-known as the ancient Ptolemais, and for its sieges both in the crusades and by the British fleet in modern times. The prospect for a successful mission here are very encouraging.

NEW ZEALAND.

—The third missionary ship for the Melanesian mission was launched recently at Auckland, bearing the same name of its predecessor—the Southern Cross; but has what they had not—auxiliary steam power. This mission is doing a great work in saving the heathen.

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH.

—Rev. Dr. Nesbitt, of Samoa, says that six years ago every island in Polynesia was under the spell of heathenism, while there are now about 400,000 Polynesians who have been saved from heathenism, and profess the Christian religion.

HOW IS IT?

—While the whole heathen world are calling for the Gospel, the Churches at home are crying poverty, hard times, and say we cannot send the Gospel. Are the Churches doing their duty?

"HE GOT NOTHING FROM ME!"

—exclaimed one who had been visited for a contribution to the missionary cause. Indeed! And how poverty stricken and uncomfortable you feel about it! How much better you would feel if you had given a liberal contribution.

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

—LIBERIA.—Our latest news is October 29. The President has been pleased to appoint the Hon. J. S. Payne, the ex-President, Commissioner-in-Chief to the International Exhibition, to take place at Philadelphia in 1876. A better qualified and more suitable person could not have been found in the country.

Rev. David A. Day and lady,

who arrived in the *Thomas Pope*, in June last, as missionaries for the Mublenburgh mission station, near Millsburgh, have fairly entered upon their duties, and are in good health and spirits, but have had some light attacks of fever. They seem wisely to have made provision to take better care of their health than missionaries generally do.

NORTH INDIAN CONFERENCE.

—From a mission within its bounds the report is: "Twenty-three persons have been added during the last quarter; four have removed; has one hundred and fifty Sunday-school scholars; has been a mission seven months; and expects to be nearly, or quite, self-supporting next year."

FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

—The following is Dr. Rust's (Corresponding Secretary) report at the annual meeting of the Board of Managers of this Society:—

Through the embarrassed financial condition of the whole country we have failed to reach the amount of collections anticipated, and hence our Society is in debt (though its current expenses have been limited to the annual income) for the purchase of real estate and the erection of school buildings imperatively demanded by the necessities of our work in the South.

Our Financial Statement for the 13 months ending June 1st, 1874, is as follows:—

Cash in Treasury May 1, 1873, \$4.83; Cash contributed from May 1, 1873, to June 1, 1874, \$56,978.24; Cash from State Funds in Georgia, \$2,000.00; Cash from loan, \$8,012.67; Total receipts, \$66,995.74.

Disbursements:—Salary of Corresponding Secretary, office and traveling expenses, \$4,145.88; Expended in the Field Work, \$43,478.34; Invested in Real Estate, in New Orleans, Orphans' Home, La., Marshall, Texas, Atlanta, Ga., and Nashville, Tenn., \$19,362.65; Balance in Treasury, \$8.97. Total disbursements, \$66,995.74.

The indebtedness against the Society is as follows:—

Loan to balance account at the close of present year, \$8,012.07; Loan to balance account at the close of last year, \$9,766.22; Total indebtedness, \$17,778.29.

Our expenditures may be included under the following general heads:

I. Permanent investments in school property. It is the design of the Society to establish a Seminary of a high grade within the bounds of each Conference in the South.

II. The Support of Teachers. This includes traveling expenses, salaries and board of teachers. Sixty teachers have been employed the past year—less than in some preceding years, yet at a much greater expense, in view of their increased qualifications.

III. The aid of young men preparing for the ministry. The great want of our Church in the South is an intelligent and properly trained ministry, as an ignorant minister can do but little to increase the knowledge or spirituality of the people, and can neither expound the Scriptures nor explain the polity of the Church. A large number of our ministers prior to emancipation were unable to read. Many of them have now learned to read, and with a wonderful insight into revealed truth, and a deep spiritual experience, have been instrumental in saving souls and leading men to Christ. The least that we should do for them is to give them an opportunity to become good English speakers. Our love for the truth, for Methodism, for Christianity, should be satisfied with nothing less. Hundreds are now in our schools, preparing for the ministry and for missionaries in Africa, and the number might be greatly increased if the friends of Christ would furnish us the means.

During the past year the preachers of several of the Southern Conferences were invited to our Seminars, and were drilled for weeks in the elements of an English education, in the Discipline of the Church, and in the doctrines of the Bible—board, traveling expenses, and tuition being paid by the Freedmen's Aid Society.

IV. Preparation of Teachers.—The colored people of the South must be educated by their own race, for no others can so well accomplish it. We are educating the educators of this people for all coming time—laying deep and broad foundations for the elevation of this unfortunate people, and have established and sustained the following institutions:—

Central Tennessee College, Nashville, Tenn.; Shaw University, Holly Springs, Miss.; Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C.; Clark University, Atlanta, Ga.; Haven Normal School, Waynesboro, Ga.; Baldwin Seminary, Baldwin, La.; New Orleans University, New Orleans, La.; Rust Biblical Institute, Huntsville, Ala.; Bennett Seminary, Greensboro, N. C.; Richmond Normal School, Richmond, Va.; Centenary Biblical Institute, Baltimore, Md.; Wiley University, Marshall, Texas; Cookman Institute, Jacksonville, Florida.

Of the 3,000 pupils in these schools, more than 1,000 are preparing to assist in the elevation of their race by teaching school or by preaching the Gospel.

LETTER FROM VERMONT.

As my former letter passed without dismemberment through every required ordeal, to the goal of publication, no doubt a hint is thereby conveyed that the sequel, provisionally promised, is expected.

I tried to show, in the letter alluded to, that Methodism in Vermont has to struggle against the embarrassment of the continual emigration of our best members, and that any advance indeed is a victory of no mean character. In this I am obliged to describe a fierce personal encounter with my old, and not very lovely antagonist, the mathematician.

The field to-day seems fair and bloodless as the autumn meadows and overgreen hills of my native State; but yesterday the dust of great achievements filled the air, and the sun went down, withdrawing even the faint smile of its November light from the anguishing combatants. The philosopher's staff, my constant aid and weapon of defense, is marred and hacked, yet it looks still like a full equivalent, matched against mathematical helmet and scimitar.

It will no doubt interest all who take the trouble to read this letter, to learn that this field of conflict was in the dry valley of the statistical tables of the New England Conference and Vermont Conference Minutes. An outpost is surrendered to the enemy, but the citadel is captured by Vermont. So stands the account, and here is the record: New England Conference pays, per member, for ministerial support, and all other connectional expenses, \$11.25. Vermont Conference pays, per member, \$8.50. But what shall represent

actual ability? What can be more

just than to take as a basis the actual wealth represented in Church property? A tax of a little over eight per cent, will pay all that the New England Conference pays, while Vermont Conference pays almost 15 per cent.

A treaty of peace is now signed. The seals bear the impress of the philosopher's staff and the mathematician's scimitar, side by side, in unrolled content; and the November wind sings a song of thanksgiving. N. H. N.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES. Dec. 7, 1874.

FLOUR—Superfine, \$4.25 @ 4.75; extra, \$5.00 @ 5.50; Michigan, \$5.50 @ 6.00; St. Louis, \$5.25 @ 5.50; Southern Flour, \$5.00 @ 5.50.

COARSE—Mixed and Yellow, \$3.00 @ \$3.50.

OATS—\$1.00 @ 1.25 per bushel.

RICE—\$1.00 @ 1.25 per bushel.

SHORTS—\$2.00 @ 2.50 per ton.

FINE FEED—\$25.00 @ 30.00 per ton.

SEED—Timothy Herds' Grass, \$3.50 @ 4.00; Red Top, \$4.00 @ 4.50 per sack; R. I. Bent, \$3.25 @ 3.75 per bushel; Clover, 10% @ 100, per lb.

APPLES—\$1.50 @ 2.00 per bu.

POKE—\$10 @ 27; Lard, 15% @ 100; Hams, 10 @ 125.

BUTTER—25 @ 40c.

CHEESE—Factory, 40% @ 10c.

EGGS—\$2.00 @ 2.50 per doz.

SOUTHERN FLOUR, \$5.00 @ 5.50, for Eastern Pressed.

POULTRY—\$2.00 @ 2.50 per bu.

BEANS—Extra Pale, \$3.00 @ 3.50; medium, \$2.50 @ 3.00.

POLARITY—10 @ 20 cents @ 100.

TURNIPS—00c @ 75c per bush.

CARROTS—00c @ 75c per bush.

DRIED APPLES—00 @ 75c @ 100.

CABBAGES—0 @ 80c per head.

CRANBERRIES—\$7.00 @ 8.00 per bu.

MORROW SQUAB—\$3.00 @ 3.50 per bu.

SWEET POTATOES—\$3.50 @ 4.50 per bu.

REMARKS.—The market for Flour is unchanged and firm. Pork remains at fair prices. A shade advance on best grades of Butter, and Eggs one cent higher.

ABRAM FRENCH & CO.

151 & 153 Milk Street.

China, Crockery,

—AND—

GLASS WARE.

PLAIN AND DECORATED DINNER,

TEA AND TOILET WARE.

NEW SHAPES, PLEASE EXAMINE.

PRICES REDUCED.

Plated Ware, Tea Trays,

NEW GERMAN LAMPS

AND CHANDELIER.

NEW FANCY

Statuary, Vases & French Clocks,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Carriage Free—at New Post Off.

70

ENTIRELY NEW STOCK.

Our Store and Stock having been destroyed by fire in May 1874, we are now prepared with an entire new stock of goods of the BEST QUALITY and LATEST STYLES of

Parlor, Chamber,

Dining Room,

and Library

Furniture

Draperies and Interior Decorations,

At Prices that Defy Competition!

HALEY, MORSE & CO.,

411 Washington Street.

FLOUR!

C. G. BROCKWAY & CO.,

PROPRIETORS OF THE LARGEST

Retail Flour Store

In Boston, are selling their BEST

ST. LOUIS FLOUR FOR \$10.

—AND A—

TIP TOP FLOUR FOR \$9.

—AND A—

VERY NICE FLOUR FOR \$8.

Delivered Free and Warranted.

Also Flour, Graham, Oat Meal &c, in bags.

C. G. BROCKWAY & CO.,

220 Friend & 139 Portland Street.

F. C. GOODWIN,

SHIRTS

and Patterns

TO ORDER

60 to 100 UPWARDS.

377 Washington Street, Boston,

(Next building to Adams House.)

REMOVAL.

W. E. MORRIS,

Having removed to basement of BROWN'S BUILDING, No. 39 Congress Street, Boston, is prepared to effect

INSURANCE.

In all the leading American and English Fire Insurance Companies at lowest rates.

THIRTY-THREE

No 33 Washington Street,

BRANCH OF

MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER'S

RETAIL CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

At the above store, just re-opened (temporarily as a branch of our Retail Clothing Department), we shall offer for a few days, as a special bargain, several hundred pairs of fine All Wool and Silk Mixed Trousers for

SIX DOLLARS PER PAIR.

We have a special attention to one kind included in this lot, made from a first-class quality of English dark mixed Cashmere, manufactured for us by A. Laverton of Westport, in the west of England, and imported by ourselves specially for making up for our retail trade.

We have, during the past two years, made up and tailored on application, the best quality of trousers at 10 dollars, which has been our regular price, and we offer them now at the above reduced price, which is only about the average cost of the material used, for the purpose of disposing of a small surplus stock and closing up our lot during the present month.

We offer them now at the above reduced price, which is only about the average cost of the material used, for the purpose of disposing of a small surplus stock and closing up our lot during the present month.

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We offer

Properly enough, Christian men generally consider the support of the public religious services where they worship as a part of their annual expenses, to be met as regularly and cheerfully as the rent of the house where they dwell, or their daily provisions. It cannot be disguised, however, that when retrenchment becomes necessary, it commences upon this line of expenses, rather than upon any reduction of the established style of living. Families have become accustomed to indulge themselves, in matters of comfort and taste, in accordance with the increased incomes of the last ten years, and the lavish habits that have been engendered by the speculative fortunes that attended and followed the late civil war. Now, as business is settling back into its old channels, and even legitimate trade is seriously suffering from a general stagnation and loss of confidence, there is an almost universal shrinkage of incomes on the part of capitalists, manufacturers, and merchants. Men are making much less money, but the same freedom in personal and family expenses is quite generally kept up. The natural result is, that men are pinched to meet their current obligations. Nothing can be truer

His cause. And, after all, our gift for missions is more like placing the amount of our appropriation directly in His hands, and devoting it immediately to His personal behoof, than any other religious outlay we make. This invests the donation to missions with a superior and diviner grace. To save, in order to give to Him who for our sakes became poor—to even deny ourselves to the point of keen consciousness, when we come to apprehend the character of the act and the obligation we owe to Him, is the almost involuntary and eager prompting of the redeemed heart. In this spirit, in these times, let us then make our annual missionary offering. Something, perhaps, must be given up that we may meet this highest of all obligations. A right eye or a right hand would be a small sacrifice, when we remember that our estates and our lives are in His hand, and that

looking to it in greater numbers, and the people are glad to see them come with their money, even to build up Protestant Churches, where, until a few years ago, the tenets of reformed faith could not be whispered. Even the Yellow Tiger is no longer contented with its muddy stream and dilapidated banks, but is receiving such an overhauling, excavating and repairing, that the spirits of the dead Cæsars will scarcely recognize it.

For a time the holy father put his foot down emphatically against all these innovations, but he is now restoring some of his papal edifies, and seems to be acting as if he intended to stay a little longer. And this is just what the Italians want; they desire neither a papal king nor a royal pope, but a king and a pope — the one to uphold the honor and dignity of the nation, and the other to be the repository of the sanctity of the Church. There is

Corruptions in the Church have always become established by the absence of this adverse criticism. Rome would have remained pure had she lived under such scrutiny; but when she became bold enough to burn or banish the critic, she began to live shamelessly, and to fall back on post-

Our papers have been filled for some days with the proceedings of the Criminal Court in the famous safe burglary case. On Wednesday the charge was given to the jury, and the twelve peers of every man in the land kept their thanksgiving in a room watched by

ter, would be likely to be given upon the opening evening. Now, what is the moral lesson taught in this new temple of the Muses, as illustrated on the evening of its inauguration? The play of the evening was from the French of Dumas—Monsieur Alphonse. It is an illustration of the looest form of French domestic life. A breach of the seventh commandment gives flavor and piquancy to all the unsavory scenes. Even now recited, the *Advertiser* says, it has been pruned by the knife of the playwright, "to get rid of excesses that will offend the sensibility of virtuous Americans."

The Church Extension and Missionary Society of New York have started a new enterprise. Under the editorship of our correspondent, Rev. R. Wheatley, they publish a monthly quarto paper, containing valuable essays upon city evangelization, with suggestive statistics, and excellent religious articles, making it a wholesome tract for general circulation. The expense of it is paid by the advertisements it gathers. It seems to be an excellent idea, well carried

Dr. Porter has experience in revolution and modern culture and modes of life. He is fully illustrated and is found eminent in service to active men, in the Mass.

Samuel Stevens, merchant, who was born at Westford, understood that to establish a profitable

(Corner Chambers Street.)
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, examinations gratis from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Store open from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. every day.
 He may be found at his residence, on North Second St., next the Post Office, New Bedford, Thursdays, where he will be happy to see his friends.
 Dr. Birmingham's medicines can only be procured at his office.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, December 20.
Lesson XII. Mark xvi. 9-2.BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.
THE RISEN LORD.

Leader. 9 Now when Jesus was risen, early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.

School. 10 And she went and told them that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.

S. 11 And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.

S. 12 After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

L. 13 And they went and told it unto the residue; neither believed they them.

S. 14 Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

L. 15 And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.

S. 16 He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

L. 17 And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;

S. 18 They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

L. 19 So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.

S. 20 And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen.

The Jewish Sabbath, corresponding to our Saturday, passed in silence. The hush of reverent feeling fell upon nature and all external life, while the riot of hellish gladness was kept up in thousands of Jewish hearts, thus violating the sanctity of the sacred day. Jesus was dead and buried. His disciples were scattered abroad, dejected and hopeless, smitten by the sudden blow into utter despair, while joy, ill-concealed, reigned in the breasts of their enemies. The night passed on. The morning dawned. Mount Olivet was dimly outlined against the eastern sky, quivering with the earliest beams of the rising sun, when Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went forth from the city to see the sepulchre. Here begins our lesson.

Now when Jesus was risen, The resurrection of Jesus from the sepulchre was the resurrection of His body that was buried, or else there was no resurrection. Any theory that leaves out of this transaction, as essential to it, the identical body of the dead, is as fanciful as it is unscriptural. What change passes over that body in the resurrection is another question, of which we are as ignorant as we are of the essence of our own souls. If the resurrection of Christ be a type and pledge of our own, then it includes our body, as it included His. If it does not, then the resurrection of Jesus, as far as our future is concerned, is a theological bagatelle. By the resurrection of Jesus we understand that the body that was laid in the tomb of Joseph came forth, renewed with life, and mysteriously and miraculously spiritualized for the skies. This event took place just at the edge of the dawn. No one saw the mighty miracle. The guards were as dead men. The earth shook at the first step of the Conqueror. Men felt the shock, but no one saw the Saviour as He strode forth from the tomb.

He appeared first to Mary Magdalene. Wonderful honor! He came first, not to His own mother, whom the Catholics have almost deified, but to one who had been polluted by seven devils. The greatest sufferers from sin, after conversion, often have thrust upon them the greatest honors, not because they have been sinners, but because they have loved so much. It happened on this wise: Mary had come early to the sepulchre, accompanied by several other women, bearing spices with which to embalm our Lord. They found the empty tomb, and met the shining angel. Affrighted, they had all fled. Mary went into the city, and reported the facts to the disciples. Peter and John ran at once to the sepulchre, saw the linen clothes and folded napkin, and returned to Jerusalem. Mary again approached the sepulchre, inquiring for her Lord; and here Jesus met her, and the other women immediately after, who seem to have lingered in the vicinity. John describes the interview, xix, 14-18.

And she went. Mary Magdalene first reported to the disciples that the Lord was living. She preached the Gospel of the resurrection before Peter and John. The disciples had given way to dejection, while Mary was active in ministries of love. Hence she stole the honor of the first greeting, and the privilege of the first announcement. It is not the person who sits and weeps despairingly who first finds the Lord, but the one who seeks with all the heart, as did Mary.

Believed not. The skepticism of the disciples seems to have been proof against all testimony except that of their own senses. They rejected the testimony of Mary as incredible.

After that—at a later hour on the same day. The full details of this meeting are given in Luke xiv. These disciples were not apostles. One of them was Cleopas, the other most probably was Luke, who modestly withholds his name.

And they went and told. After Jesus had revealed Himself to them they hastened back to Jerusalem, and finding the apostles together, corroborated

the story of Mary. But the disciples clung tenaciously to their unbelief. They could not understand how this thing could be; so, like the doubting scientists of our own day, they rejected the best of testimony. This skepticism on their part is a great advantage to us, in that it proves that faith in the resurrection was forced upon the stoutest unbelief by indubitable evidence, and was not the offspring of credulity or visions. Nothing but a fact that would stand the most vigorous scientific investigation could ever have made such persistent doubters willing to lay down their lives in attestation of its truthfulness.

Afterward He appeared unto the eleven. This occurred on the evening of the same day. Three appearances of Jesus were therefore made on the very day of His resurrection, on each occasion to different parties. Mark says "eleven," because that was the official number, but in reality only ten were present, John xx, 24. John gives the circumstances under which He appeared, xx, 19-23.

And upbraided them. Their unbelief was not right or excusable. It will not do to say they were sincere, and therefore sinless, as is boldly assumed by modern doubters. Unbelief in the face of rational, convincing testimony is sin. We must beware how we excuse too readily modern skepticism on the plea of honest intent. Hardness of heart is at the root of the difficulty. Skepticism is rooted in the heart, more than in the head.

Because they believed not—Jesus versus David Hume. Hume said testimony could not prove a miracle; Jesus upbraids the disciples for not believing one on the testimony of two men and a few women. The disciples were ready to believe, now that they had seen; "blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Poor Thomas was absent, and in consequence went a whole week in the bitterness of doubt. Fortified by a week of infidelity, he was the most perfect skeptic of the party, for he would not believe even when he saw, but must first try the sense of touch to test the reality of his vision. This lesson condemns in the strongest terms every position taken by modern skepticism against the evidence of testimony.

And He said unto them. Mark is not particular in his statement of time and place. Matthew states this command, or one just like it, was given on a mountain in Galilee. There is nothing here to contradict it. Weeks may have passed away since the first appearance of Christ to His disciples, before the words were spoken of which we are now treating. Evidently Mark is hastening to the conclusion of his Gospel, and leaps from point to point, without regard to time.

Go ye into all the world—literally, "going into all the world, preach the Gospel." This, however, does not release the Church from a command, since the purpose is plainly implied, that the resurrection of Jesus, as far as our future is concerned, is a theological bagatelle. By the resurrection of Jesus we understand that the body that was laid in the tomb of Joseph came forth, renewed with life, and mysteriously and miraculously spiritualized for the skies. This event took place just at the edge of the dawn. No one saw the mighty miracle. The guards were as dead men. The earth shook at the first step of the Conqueror. Men felt the shock, but no one saw the Saviour as He strode forth from the tomb.

He that believeth. It is the minister's duty to preach faithfully and lovingly the Gospel of Jesus, and leave the issue with men and their Creator. He has no right to attempt to compel belief or submission. Truth is his weapon, not the sword. Indeed, God will not compel belief, neither has man the power. Those alone are saved who freely believe and obey. Those who do not must be damned, in spite of grace and the preacher. This implies that there never will be a time when everybody will believe. If we wait in our efforts to evangelize the world until we have saved everybody in Massachusetts, we will wait until the resurrection. "The world is our parish." Any other battlefield is born of disobedience.

And these signs. It is quite universally believed that this promise was restricted to apostolic times. Revelation was not yet closed, and it was essential to its completion that signs and wonders should accompany those who were selected to add the remaining words to God's Book. Besides, the infant Church had to be set up, and shown to be of God. When Revelation was completed, and the Church fairly organized, there was no need of prodigies of his character to produce conviction of her divine origin. All the signs here mentioned, with the exception of drinking deadly poison, did actually take place, and are duly recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. There is no reason to suppose that that was not fulfilled, with the rest.

So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them. The previous commission may have been given on Olivet, a second time, or in Galilee, separated from the present statement by an interval of days or weeks. The words that the Lord spoke on this occasion may have reference to a different subject, Luke xiv, 50-51.

And sat on the right hand of God. This statement reveals the dignity and glory of our Saviour. He is now on His mediatorial throne. He beholds us from the heavens. He will come again as He ascended. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

And they went forth—not at once, showing how rapidly Mark is sweeping through his Gospel—one short verse covering the whole apostolic career. After the Pentecost they went forth, the Lord going with them, and all that Jesus predicted came to pass. The work still goes on. Some believe and are saved; others do not, and are damned. As it was in the times of the apostles, so it is to-day; and so it will be until His coming again. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, December 20.

1 What took place immediately before these facts recorded in this lesson?

2 What is meant by the rising of Jesus?

3 When did this occur?

4 What great honor was conferred on Mary Magdalene?

5 Tell what she had done previous to this meeting with Jesus?

6 Did any other women see Him at this time?

7 What did Mary immediately do?

8 Why did they not believe her?

9 What took place at a later hour in the day?

10 Who were these persons?

11 What did they do?

12 What advantage is their unbelief to us?

13 To whom did Jesus appear the third time?

14 How many were present?

15 How did He treat their unbelief?

16 Can a miracle be proved by testimony?

17 How long after the resurrection before Thomas saw Jesus?

18 When and where was the command given to "go into all the world?"

19 Is it probable that all men will believe the Gospel at any period?

20 Why were signs and wonders to go with them?

21 Does this prediction include us?

22 Where did Jesus go?

23 What did the disciples do?

24 Was Christ's prediction to them fulfilled?

The Family.

VESTA.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

O, Christ of God! whose life and death Our own have reconciled,

Most kindly, most tenderly Take home thy star-named child!

Thy grace is in her patient eyes; Thy words are on her tongue;

The voice around her seems As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's Who hears its mother call;

The lilies of Thy perfect peace About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms, To rest herself in Thine;

Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we Our well-beloved resign!

O, less for her than for ourselves We bow our heads and pray;

Her setting star, like Bethlehem's, To Thee shall point the way.

CARRIE'S ALMSGIVING.

Two little girls sat cozily chatting on the granite doorstep of Judge Mayburn's handsome dwelling. It was a very aristocratic-looking house that so condescendingly allowed them to sit in its shadow. From the lowest brick in the basement to the highest pinnacle of the observatory, it was grand and self-righteous, like its owner.

Little eight-year-old Carrie, the only child of the Judge, seemed very simple and innocent, with no idea of aristocracy troubling her head, as she sat gossiping with her particular friend and neighbor, Evelyn Ames. She looked like a dainty snowdrop, in her plain white muslin, beside her gay little companion.

Miss Evelyn was an "old" young lady; she considered herself fully as wise and experienced as her mother, and tried to fashion her speech and manner after the pattern of that stylish woman.

"O, dear!" sighed Evelyn, adjusting, for the twentieth time, her flounces and ruffles, so as to display them to advantage. "I'm wearied out. I've been down town two hours, looking in the shop windows, and trying to make up my mind how to have my doll's new dress cut. I've worried over it till I'm most distracted. It's dreadful hard to decide when there are so many fashions."

"It must be a bother," said Carrie, swinging her hat, and looking absently down the street.

"Yes," continued Evelyn, "I am going to make her a new suit of pink silk; and it is a bother. I shall have it trimmed with three shades of pink velvet, and I've almost concluded to have a poplin of white lace."

"My doll," said Carrie, pensively, isn't going to have any new dresses very soon. She is dressed in black now, you know (Carrie looked down at the erape on her hat); I don't care much for dollies now."

Evelyn tried to look sympathetic, and was silent for a few moments.

"You might have a pale purple silk for her," she at length suggested, in a voice intended to be very sad. She was mentally contrasting Carrie's dress with her own, and rejoicing because she didn't have to wear white muslin and black ribbons.

"Just look at him," interrupted Carrie. "See what him?" asked Evelyn, stretching her neck to look up and down the street. "I don't see anybody but the meat-man and two dogs and an old woman."

"Why, right down here at the gate, I mean. Poor little fellow! See his eyes!"

"What is the matter with his eyes? What a dirty, horrid boy! Tell him to go away from here."

"Don't you see his big brown eyes, Evelyn? They are just like Bertie's, or just like—just like Bertie's used to be. I mean. Poor Bertie."

He was a very small boy, four or five

years old, perhaps; and he looked very forlorn and destitute, sitting on the sidewalk, eating a piece of orange-peel. But, notwithstanding his rags and filth, he was so audacious as to look through the bars of the iron fence and watch these two petted darlings of wealth and luxury.

"Do tell him to go away," said Evelyn again, affecting great horror. "I shall surely have the hysterics if he stares so at us, much longer. The vagabond!"

"How do you know he is a vagabond?" asked Carrie. "He must be hungry, to eat that stuff, poor thing! Come here, little boy."

"Oh!" cried Evelyn, almost jumping from her seat; "don't let him come in! We shall catch the small-pox, and the cholera mortum, and the itch, just as sure as—"

"Pshaw!" Carrie said, with emphasis; "we shan't catch anything at all. Do come in, won't you, little boy?"

The poor, wet specimen of want and misery picked himself up slowly, like an old man, and walked up the short path to where Carrie was sitting. He did not seem in the least timid or abashed.

"Are you hungry?" asked Carrie, looking down into his eager eyes.

"Yes, I be. Will you give me that?" he asked, noticing a big rosy apple in Carrie's lap.

"Ah! the beggar!" shuddered Evelyn. "Tell him to go around to the back door and get some cold potatoes. Mother always does. Mother is generous to beggars."

Carrie paid no attention to her friend's remark, but quickly handed the apple to the little boy, and her eyes filled with tears as she saw how greedily he devoured it.

"I wish I had a dozen," she said. "What is your name, little fellow?"

"Bun."

"Bun? Is that all? Bun what?"

"Bunyan; Bunyan, mamma said."

"What is your mamma's name?"

"She haint got none now, I s'pose. But poor mamma! She's fiewed away—"

you know—a good while ago. She's been gone as much as forty years, I s'pose."

"How do you know she fiew, Bunny? Did you see her?"

"No; but she said she was going. They shut me up when she went. Wan't it too bad? I've tried to fly too, but I can't; my arms won't flop good. I got up onto a barrel this morning, but it didn't do no good. Doves fly nice, don't they? Can you fly any?"

"No, Bunny, I can't fly a mile."

Evelyn laughed, and endeavored to look scornful, but Carrie assumed a little of her father's dignity, and quenched her scornfulness rather suddenly.

"Papa would call it very unladylike to laugh and curl one's lips at nothing."

Evelyn had a wholesome fear of the Judge, and the mere thought of standing in his august presence, and receiving such a sentence, was enough to sober her for a few minutes.

"Isn't your mother coming back again?" said Carrie, turning to the boy.

"O, no," he answered, sighing, and looking up over the top of the houses. "They say folks never come back when they goes off that way. I wants to go. I hates this place."

"Why, Bunny? Haven't you got any good home, or friends? Where is your papa?"

"I haint got no home. Papa's been dead always—much as a hundred years."

"Where are your brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts, and cousins and grandpas?"

"I don't know them folks. Guess they live in 'tother country, where mamma came from, don't they?"

"There!" said Evelyn; "he's a foreigner, you see. He looks like these boys that play on harps. They are awful wicked, foreigners are."

"No, he don't look wicked, either. He came from England, maybe. Say, boy, where do you live, and who takes care of you?"

"I sleeps with Percy sometimes. Percy sells papers. He is a nice big boy. He gives me big hunks of bread to eat most every day."

Bunnie smiled, and through all the dirt on his face could be seen the expression of love called out by the name and thoughts of Percy.

"He's a big, rich boy," he continued; "he sells lots of Herald-five-o'clocks. Do you know Percy?"

Evelyn thought that a marvelous joke. "That is one of your beaux, I presume, Carrie. You never told me anything about that young gentleman."

"Nonsense!" said Carrie, looking slightly provoked. "Mamma says there will be time enough to talk about beaux when we get grown up; but I suppose you can't help wanting some too. Bunnie, I'm sorry I don't know your good Percy. I hope I shall sometime. I'll buy a dozen papers every day, if he gives you hunks of bread, and lets you sleep with him."

"I shall go home, Carrie, if that brat stays here much longer," said Evelyn, gathering up her ruffled skirts. "I know I shall catch some dreadful thing. Why don't you give him some money and send him away? I'd give him five cents if I had it to spare; but I need all of my money to get the trimmings for my doll's dress. Mamma says charity begins at home."

Carrie rose from her seat with a bounce. She was not a child with so sweet a disposition that nothing could disturb her.

"Five cents!" she exclaimed, with a flash of indignation in her eyes. "I should be ashamed! What good would five cents do the poor little hungry boy, with no mother, or home either? Supposing it was your brother Clarence! Our Sunday-school teacher says, 'riches have wings'; and we don't know what may happen to us. Perhaps you and I may be beggars yet."

It was now Evelyn's turn to get wrathful. "You are pretty insulting, Miss Mayburn. Father's riches have not got wings. I can just tell you. I hope you will have a nice visit with your fine gentleman-caller." So saying, Evelyn switched her flounces spitefully out of the gate, with her face turned homeward, and her nose "celestially inclined."

"Come again, Evie," called out Carrie. "I ain't mad at you, Evie. Good-by." But Evelyn walked away with great manifestation of insulted dignity. (To be continued.)

FROM EGYPT TO CHANANAN.

My God, while journeying to Chananan's land,

For peace I do not pray,

Nor seek beneath Thy sheltering sweetness, Lord,

To rest each circling day;

I cry to Thee for strength to struggle on,

But do not ask that smooth the way may be;

Sufficient for Thy servant 'tis to know

That earth's bleak desert ends at last with Thee.

When heavenly sweetness floods my heart,

Dear Lord,

I magnify Thy name;

When desolations weigh my spirit down,

I bless Thee still the same;

Keep me, O God! I cry with streaming eyes,

From love of earth and creature's ever free;

Far sweeter are Eden's fairest blooms,

The blood-stained blossoms of Gethsemane.

I do not ask of Thee that loving friends

Should wander by my side,

Or that my hand should feel an angel's touch.

A guardian and a guide;

But, Israel's God, do Thou go before—

An ever-present beacon in the way,

A fiery pillar in dark sorrow's night,

A cloudy column in my prosperous day.

I do not ask, O Master dear! to lean

My head upon Thy breast;

Nor seek within Thy circling arms to find

An ever-present rest;

I beg from Thee that crown of prickly thorns

That once Thy sacred forehead rudely tore;

And I will press those crimson brambles close

To my poor heart, and ask from Thee no more.

But when, at length, my scorched and weary feet

Shall reach their journey's end,

And I have gained the longed-for promised land,

Where milk and honey blend,

Then give me rest, and food, and drink, dear Lord;

For then another pilgrim will have past,

As thou didst, o'er the wastes of barren sand.

From Egypt into Chananan, safe at last.

—Catholic World.

THE MAN WITH A "MORAL SHOW."

He came to the parsonage, late one afternoon, and requested, in his peculiar bland and affable manner, to "see the minister a few minutes." He was accordingly ushered into the parlor, and the conversation that ensued was so lengthy that the minister's wife couldn't make up her mind whether the stranger was deeply concerned about his soul, or had called upon extremely important and mysterious business. Time explained the case, however.

He came, he intimated, merely out of respect to the position of the preacher, to consult with him about having a certain entertainment in the church.

He said he had already obtained permission of several of the trustees; consequently he had an undoubted right to employ the church for the aforesaid entertainment, irrespective of the preacher's opinion and desire; still he was willing, in a complimentary sort of a way, to ask the preacher's consent.

The minister would like to know "what kind of an entertainment" it was which the man proposed to have.

"Well, there is nothing immoral at all about it. It is amusing, and entertaining, and laughable, and"—etc. to some length; but finally it was very "moral," and decidedly "there (was) nothing immoral about it."

The minister asked to see the handbill. Evidently the man was uncertain whether he had a hand-bill or not, but he at last succeeded in fishing one out of one of his pockets.

"Ventriloquism, sleight of hand, music, etc. Such wonderful feats as were to be performed! sensational, and amusing, perhaps. But there was nothing in the programme suggestive of moral or religious instruction—nothing that would prove elevating or refining."

Yes, the minister had objections, and he did not hesitate to say so. He did not approve of churches being used for such purposes, and especially did he object to giving up his own "class-meeting" for the sake of this same "moral" entertainment.

The agent didn't enjoy himself extremely well, judging from appearances, but he restrained his wrath admirably. He would not yield, however, and seemed determined to have his own way. He flattered, and he found fault; he coaxed, and he bargued; he took special pains to enlarge upon the fact that his entertainment had been held in the church at D—, with great success. Indeed, the pastor and people were so well pleased that they desired a repetition.

But the inexorable preacher could not be influenced. After a long discussion the agent consented, "in order to please the preacher," to call upon another of the trustees, and secure his permission if he could. The agent thereupon took leave, and the minister, soon after, also sallied forth. He was anxious to hear with his own ears the opinion of those trustees who had "given their consent so willingly," according to the agent's account.

The result of his calls was rather

quieting to his nerves. Mr. C. had "never given his permission," he said; he merely told the agent that if all the other trustees were willing he would not oppose, and referred him particularly to the minister. Mr. S. likewise declared that he had never consented; he was in such a hurry when the agent called that he could not stop to investigate; but as he had great confidence in his pastor he left the matter for him to decide, giving the agent the minister's name and necessary directions.

Before reaching home the agent suddenly appeared again, and informed him, in a sweet way, that "Mr. A. was the most pliable of all," for although plainly given to understand that the minister was opposed, Mr. A. seemed to have no objections, and merely remarked that people had curious opinions about such matters. The agent piously told the minister that while on the way to Mr. A's he had most earnestly prayed that he might be successful, and his prayers were answered!

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